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## the diary of a torn soldier



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### Chapter 1 by brotherswiss

Ze diary of a torn soldier year 513 A>D

Mustn't may I DAY 1

We walk through the shadows to hear thy distant memories ,  
People wait to see there faite not knowing that there death awaits,  
Trust we must upon the hand of god shall seem to feed our souls ,  
With shallow kindness and clouds of sorrow from the world above.  
We dare not speak our father's name nor our sister nor our brothers,  
It keeps us normal it keeps us sane and closer to each other.  
Shall not complain ye brings us karma and burns our minds alive,  
We do what must we do unjust we do this to survive.  
Out comes our blades to cut and stab to pillage and to dine,  
To feed the sanity of great evil that takes me in disguise.

### Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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